

The Philippines

June 14, 1945

My darling Mama:

This is just a few lines to tell you I am fine, and I hope that when this reaches your loving hands it will find you likewise. I am thanking of you always.

Well a murky evening is settling down in this little Philippine Harbor. Think, grayish clouds hang low, and the sea is gray, much the color of the clouds. The water isn't calm. It looks lonesome and bleak. Ships in the harbor are becoming increasingly scarce. There is something lonesome about a dying base. It looks pinched and wizened and smaller than when one first sees it.

My letters have been scarce lately. I wrote you briefly night before last for the first time in 4 or 5 days. Lou, Ford, & Prentice left with part of the company for our new destination, Smith is about 30 miles away clearing out a dump, and I am here (our old place) with 60 men shipping the remaining Ammo from here. I've been getting very little sleep about two hours last night, and not more than 5 hours daily for the past week. However I'm not very tired. My indigestion appeared the first few days, but has left me now.

I let two of my men drive a Filipino civilian 13 kilometers (about ten miles) out the road today to a fork where he could catch a ride to his home. They left at 1pm and are not back yet. I am fretting over the incident, however, one should never fret over anything of that nature.

The others took part of my things with me when they left, including my books & I am without anything to read. No, I have Arrowsmith by Lewis. I shall read it.

I haven't heard any names for the past several days, but I suppose there is still a lull in the war. Perhaps Okinawa is about finished. The idiotic Japs. The whole world is descending on their heads from every direction & still they go blindly on. Montgomery said that he would like to get inside Rundstedt's mind for a short while. I would like to know what goes on inside the average German mind now; wouldn't you? Do you suppose the tragedy (to them) of their defeat bears on them, or are they preoccupied with obtaining food & shelter to think beyond their immediate needs?

Mama, I am going to send Mary Ellen Kirkbride \$15.00 with which to buy some books for you. You can write her and list the books you would like. I believe I would list about ten books, or maybe 15 so that in case she couldn't obtain some of them, she would have your next preference.

Mama, if we build a house after the war, how much do you intend paying for it? You would need a lot, plus a down payment on a \$4000 home, how much do you think the monthly payments would exceed our present rent? Where would you build? I wish prices would be such that we could build right after the war but I doubt it. Then too, we will need a car. Getting the two close together might be rather difficult.

I have been reading an article in Fortune Magazine about post war agriculture. They paint a pretty picture. Many [illegible] are already surplus according to them—wool & cotton bring two which are I don't know that I would like to get into the sheep business exclusively after the war. On the other hand, I feel uneasy at times when I think of law. I have no money at all. It is a thousand times worse than when I

entered the army. And then too I am not as smart a person as I once thought I was. In many ways I have a slow moving brain, and it is not a very sure one anyway. The fact bothers me constantly. I am pretty sure however, that I will practice. I'll just stumble along sort of like "Bumbling Alvin Barkley", but I would just like to have the peace of mind of feeling confident that I would do well. I don't think that I will ever feel confident, though, about anything. These remarks are not the result of a passing mood. Such thoughts lurk in the back of my mind all the time.

Pin Up has gone with the advance detachment. She has become very devoted to one of the men. A tall, lanky negro named Clarence McBride. He finds her each meal & she haunts him. She stands underneath where his mess gear hangs and waits for him. She and our oldest monkey play quite a bit. One never tires of watching them despite their uneven temperaments, monkeys are darned amusing.

It has been raining here nightly for the past two weeks, veritable downpours. Today was clear, but it is raining intermittently now.

Well little mother, I'll bring this grumpy letter to a close. I probably won't receive any mail until I rejoin the others which will be around a week from now. Should have quite a bit awaiting me then.

Who do I adore? One person, and that person is you.

Good nighty night My darling mama.

Your ever loving son,

John M. Harrod

PS Mother Kate (Lou refers to you as Kate) I wish you would send one of my Sidney Portraits to Jenny Ruth.

Buenos Noches Madre.

Howdy Edward Arthur.